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Rehearsal Script
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"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

EPISODE 2: 'Space Fall'

by

Terry Nation

"BLAKE'S SEVEN" EPISODE 2: 'Space Fall'

CAST:

ROJ BLAKE
JENNA STANNIS
KERR AVON
VILA RESTAL
OLAG GAN
CAPTAIN LEYLAN
RAIKER
ARTIX
SELMAN
KLEIN
TRENT
GARTON
WALLACE
TEAGUE
KRELL
GUARDS
CREW
PRISONERS

SETS:

Interiors:

Spacecraft Passenger Compartment
Flight Deck London
Service Channel TK
Computer Room TK and STUDIO
Corridors and Hatch Section
Transfer Tube and Hatch TK and STUDIO
Liberator's Flight Deck

Exteriors:

Space Ships in Flight
Earth

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM Main
 Title
 Sequence:

SUPOSE CAM 'Space Fall'
 by Terry Nation

Ext. Space Ship London. Night.

MODEL SHOT.
The space ship London arcs
towards CAMERA then pauses
and moves away.

CUT

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(AS IN EPISODE ONE)
GENERALLY ESTABLISH,
SHOWING THE PRISONERS
IN THEIR SEATS.

THEN FAVOUR BLAKE,
SEATED ALONE AND
STARING THROUGH A
PORT.

HE IS CONFINED TO
HIS SEAT BY METAL
BANDS AROUND WRISTS
AND CHEST. HIS
FACE IS GRIM)

3

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Earth from Space. Night.

(As in Episode One) We see
the rapidly receding planet
Earth.

CUT

END TELECINE 2.

4

2. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE TURNS HIS
GAZE AWAY FROM
THE PORT AND
STARES BLANKLY
AHEAD OF HIM)

3. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(THE SPACE SHIP
LONDON IS OLD
AND PAST ITS
BEST.

THE EQUIPMENT
ON THE FLIGHT
DECK IS WELL
USED AND SLIGHTLY
TATTY. SURFACES
ARE SCRATCHED AND
DENTED. DESKS
ARE SCUFFED.

ANALOGOUS TO AN
AGING CARGO SHIP
KEPT IN SERVICE
FOR 'JUST ONE
MORE VOYAGE'.
THE CREW ALSO
HAVE AN AIR OF
DEFEAT ABOUT THEM.

CAPTAIN LEYLAN IS
FIFTY FIVE. PASSED
OVER FOR PROMOTION
TOO MANY TIMES.
HE IS TIRED,
DISILLUSIONED AND
WAITING FOR
RETIREMENT.

HE SITS AT THE
COMMAND DESK
VAGUELY WATCHING
THE INSTRUMENTS
BUT LETTING HIS
SECOND IN COMMAND
CONTROL THE SHIP.

THE NUMBER TWO IS
SUB-COMMANDER RAIKER.
A WELL BUILT MAN WHO
ENJOYS AND ABUSES
HIS POWER.

RAIKER HAS LITTLE
REGARD FOR HIS
SUPERIOR. HE SITS
NEAR LEYLAN,
CONTROLLING THE
FLIGHT.

THE FLIGHT DECK
COMPLEMENT IS
MADE UP BY FLIGHT
OPERATOR ARTIX.
HE IS IN HIS MID
TWENTIES, ABLE BUT
UNIMAGINATIVE.

THE CREW GO THROUGH
THE PROCEDURES WITH
THE BORED CONFIDENCE
OF ROUTINE)

RAILER: We have escape velocity ...
Now.

ARTIX: Orbital exit angle thirty.

RAIKER: Set attitude and course
trajectory.

ARTIX: Attitude stable. Trajectory
firm.

RAIKER: Systems check.

ARTIX: We have full function on all
navigational systems.

RAIKER: Confirmed.

ARTIX: We have full function on all
communications systems.

RAIKER: Confirmed. Power status?

ARTIX: Full function. Course is set. We have a clear on Mars beacon.

RAIKER: (TO LEYLAN) We have go confirmation on all systems sir.

LEYLAN: Thank you mister Railer. Set Hyper-Drive speed time - distort fine.

RAIKER: Time distort five.

(RAIKER OPERATES
A CONTROL AND
IMMEDIATELY THERE
IS HEAVY VIBRATION
OF THE FLIGHT DECK
AND THE MEN ARE
PRESSED BACK INTO
THEIR SEATS.

THEN EVERYTHING
SETTLES DOWN TO
BECOME CALM AGAIN.

RAIKER CHECKS HIS
DIALS AND INSTRUMENTS)

Five and running.

(LEYLAN SHIFTS OUT
OF HIS SEAT AND
STRETCHES. THE
WHOLE OF THE
PROCEDURE HAS
BEEN NORMAL AND
ROUTINE)

LEYLAN: Lock in full auto ...
(CASUALLY) I thought maintainance
were supposed to have fixed that
high-dee shift vibration.

RAIKER: That's what they said.

LEYLAN: That's what they always say. They don't bother. Nobody bothers anymore. (TO ARTIX) You'd better identify us to space security.

ARTIX: Yes sir.

(ARTIX HITS A FEW
SWITCHES)

This is civil administration ship London. We are in transit from Earth to Cygnus Alpha transporting prisoners to the penal colony. We have Federation clearance for direct flight. Authority number K-seven-zero-one. Transmission ends.

(NOW ALL THE MEN
RELAX. FOR THE
MOMENT, THEIR
DUTIES ARE OVER.

ARTIX TAKES OUT
A SMALL TAPE-
READER AND SETTLES
DOWN WITH IT)

LEYLAN: Still studying for your Commander's credentials Artix?

ARTIX: Yes sir. I don't want to spend the rest of my life on tubs like ... I mean -

LEYLAN: I know what you mean.

ARTIX: Sorry, sir.

LEYLAN: (WINTRY SMILE) I'm going to my quarters. Anything I should know?

ARTIX: There's a report of some meteorite activity about eighteen hours ahead ship time. Space Met says it should have cleared our course well before we reach it.

LEYLAN: Keep an eye on it anyway. Mr. Raiker, will you give the prisoners the usual pep talk and assign them their duties?

RAIKER: My pleasure.

(RAIKER AND LEYLAN
EXIT)

4. INT. CORRIDOR. LONDON. NIGHT.

(THE TWO MEN WALK
IN SILENCE.
THEY HALT AT THE
DOOR TO LEYLAN'S
QUARTERS)

LEYLAN: Use the highest level of
suppressants in the prisoners rations.
I like them docile.

RAIKER: Yes sir.

(LEYLAN PRESSES HIS
PALM FLAT AGAINST
A GLOWING BLUE
SQUARE OF GLASS
BESIDE THE DOOR.

THERE IS A BRIEF
PAUSE AND THE
DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

THERE IS A SIMILAR
BLUE PANEL BESIDE
EVERY DOOR ON THE
SHIP AND THE PALM
PRESSING PROCESS
MUST BE CARRIED
OUT EVERY TIME A
DOOR IS TO BE
OPENED.

THE DOORS RESPOND
ONLY TO THE PALM
PRINTS OF AUTHORISED
CREW MEMBERS.

LEYLAN STARTS TO
ENTER HIS QUARTERS.

RAIKER MOVES ON.

LEYLAN PAUSES AND
CALLS)

LEYLAN: Mr.Raiker?

RAIKER: Sir?

LEYLAN: (SLOWLY) There's a female
prisoner on our manifest.

RAIKER: I'd noticed that sir.

LEYLAN: Yes ... Well ... Be discreet.

RAIKER: (MOCKINGLY) Yes sir.

(THEY EXCHANGE A
BRIEF LOOK AND
THEN LEYLAN STEPS
INTO HIS QUARTERS
AND THE DOOR
CLOSES.

RAIKER LOOKS AT
THE DOOR AND THEN
GRINS. HE TURNS
AND MOVES AWAY)

5. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(THE FRONT BULKHEAD
OF THE SECTION WILL
SLIDE BACK TO OPEN
OUT THE PASSENGER
COMPARTMENT INTO
A MUCH LARGER SECTION.

A GUARD STANDS AT
THE DOOR IN THE
BULKHEAD. HE COMES
TO GRUDGING ATTENTION
AS RAIKER COMES
THROUGH. THE
PRISONERS ALL LOOK
UP EXPECTANTLY.

RAIKER STANDS AT
THE DOOR AND LOOKS
THEM OVER)

RAIKER: I'm sub-commander Raiker, and
I think there are a few things you
should know. The flight to Cygnus
Alpha will take eight months ship
time. During this period you will
obey every order or instruction that
is given you. There is a punishment
scale for infractions which starts
with long periods of confinement in
your launch seat, and ends with the
Commander's right to order execution.
If you have any complaints, I don't
want to hear them. Understand this
clearly ... You have no rights
whatsoever. None! ... Questions.

(THERE IS SILENCE
FROM THE PRISONERS.
SATISFIED, RAIKER
CONTINUES. HE
NODS TO THE GUARD)

RAIKER: Open it up.

(THE GUARD PRESSES
A CONTROL AND THE
BULKHEAD SLIDES
BACK TO BOTH SIDES
REVEALING AN OPEN
AREA. ALONG THE
WALLS ARE SOME
TABLES, BUNKS. IN
THE NEXT BULKHEAD,
THERE ARE A FEW
DOORS. THE PRINCIPAL
FORWARD DOOR LEADS
IN TO THE REST OF THE
SHIP AND IS ALWAYS
GUARDED.

RAIKER INDICATES
THE OPENED UP AREA)

This is the limit of your world from
now on. It has mess facilities.
Sleeping bays and recreation area.
Sort out amongst yourselves how you
use it. There are other rules. You'll
find out what they are when you break
them. That's all. Clear your
harnesses. You're at liberty to
move.

(THE PRISONERS
GRATEFULLY
FREE THEIR
SAFETY HARNESSSES
AND RISE AND
STRETCH THEN
START TO WANDER
FORWARD.

BLAKE IS STILL
CONFINED BY THE
STEEL BANDS.

RAIKER NOTICES
AND SAUNTERS
ACROSS TO LOOK
DOWN AT HIM)

What have we here? (Cont ...)

RAIKER: (cont) Not a trouble-maker I hope.

BLAKE: I didn't hear an order.

RAIKER: You didn't hear an order... Sir.

(BLAKE NODS.

RAIKER IS NOT
SATISFIED)

Say it.

BLAKE: I didn't hear an order ... Sir.

RAIKER: That's better. What's your name?

BLAKE: Blake.

RAIKER: (SURPRISED) So you're Blake ... Well ... You made quite a name for yourself a few years back. Quite the celebrity ... Something of a come down for a leader of men isn't it ?
Molesting kids.

BLAKE: The charges were fake.

RAIKER: Oh yes. Of course. Well let me tell you something Blake. As far as I'm concerned you're just another piece of cargo. Remember that and you might just survive the journey. Understand?

BLAKE: I understand ... Sir.

(RAIKER GIVES HIS
NASTY GRIN)

RAIKER: Good ... You're learning ...

(RAIKER CALLS UP
TO THE GUARD)

Let him clear.

(THE GUARD OPERATES
A CONTROL ON A WALL
PANEL. THE METAL
BANDS WITHDRAW
FROM BLAKE'S CHEST
AND WRISTS.

RAIKER WANDERS
AWAY AMONGST THE
PRISONERS WHO
ARE NOW EXAMINING
THEIR NEW ENVIRONMENT.

BLAKE GETS TO HIS
FEET AND RUBS HIS
WRISTS. STRETCHES.
HE STARES AFTER
RAIKER.

JENNA STANNIS
IS NEAR THE FORWARD
DOOR. SHE IS TALKING
TO KERR AVON AND
VILA RESTAL.

RAIKER MOVES UP
TOWARD THE DOOR.
HE LOOKS JENNA OVER
AND THEN BECKONS TO
HER. SHE JOINS
HIM NEAR THE DOOR)

What's your name?

JENNA: Jenna Stannis.

RAIKER: There are no special
facilities for female prisoners
but if you find conditions too ...
difficult ... I might be able to
arrange something more ...
comfortable.

(JENNA GIVES
RAIKER A SMILE)

JENNA: That's very considerate.

RAIKER: Why make it hard on yourself.

JENNA: Why indeed?

(SHE LOOKS EITHER
SIDE OF HER AS
THOUGH NOT WANTING
TO BE OVERHEARD.
SHE GIVES HIM A
SEDUCTIVE SMILE
AND BECKONS HIM
FORWARD SO SHE CAN
WHISPER IN HIS EAR.

RAIKER BENDS HIS
HEAD FORWARD.

JENNA WHISPERS
SOMETHING WHICH
HAS A PROFOUND
EFFECT ON RAIKER.
HIS SHOCK QUICKLY
TURNS TO ANGER.

JENNA SMILES SWEETLY.

RAIKER GIVES HER A
HARD SMACK ACROSS
THE FACE)

RAIKER: You'll come round. (SMILES
NASTILY) I can be very persuasive.

(HE TURNS AND EXITS.

JENNA MOVES BACK
TO JOIN AVON AND VILA,
HER HAND TO HER FACE)

JENNA: That one is going to enjoy
giving us a hard time.

VILA: And you've improved his mood no end. Why couldn't you be nice to him?

JENNA: He's not my type.

VILA: You can't afford to be choosy now.

JENNA: Why else would I be talking to you?

VILA: Thanks.

JENNA: Pleasure.

(BLAKE JOINS THEM)

BLAKE: Do you know how those door panels work?

AVON: Simple enough. All authorised personnel have their palm prints filed on the computer. The blue sensor plate reads the print. If they conform, the computer opens the door.

(BLAKE LOOKS AT
AVON.

HE IS IN HIS MID
THIRTIES. INTELLECT-
UALLY SUPERIOR, AND
KNOWS IT. HE IS
A GENIUS WITH
COMPUTERS AND
ELECTRONICS)

BLAKE: Neat.

AVON: Most computer-based functions are.

VILA: Blake Kerr Avon. When it comes to computers, he's the number two man in all the federated worlds.

BLAKE: Who's number one?

VILA: The guy who caught him.

(AVON GIVES VILA
A WITHERING STARE.
VILA IS IN NO WAY
PUT DOWN)

You've got nothing to be ashamed of. (TO BLAKE) He came close to stealing five million credits out of the Federation banking system.

BLAKE: What went wrong?

AVON: I relied on other people. Why all the questions? Or is it merely a thirst for knowledge.

BLAKE: Not exactly.(SMILES)
Having defined a problem the first step to a solution is the acquisition of data. You should know that.

AVON: Define the problem then.

BLAKE: How do we avoid spending the rest of our lives on Cygnus Alpha?

VILA: That may not be a problem. I've heard a rumour that these prison ships don't actually go all the way to Cygnus. They wait until they're in deep space and then quietly dump you out of an air lock.

AVON: (DISMISSIVELY) You're a fool.

JENNA: They are on a fixed-price contract. They get paid the same whether we get there or not. And hyper-drive running's expensive.

VILA: So they dump us and save themselves a trip.

AVON: The computer has an automatic running log recording the entire journey. Elapsed time, distance, fuel consumption everything.

VILA: Oh. They've got to go to Cygnus then? We can relax.

BLAKE: Could it be altered?

AVON: What?

BLAKE: The running log. Could the readings be faked?

AVON: Only by a top-line technician. No-one on this ship could do it.

BLAKE: Except you.

AVON: (SMILES) Naturally.

(HE MOVES AWAY,
BLAKE WATCHES HIM)

JENNA: Was it wise to put that idea into his head?

VILA: What idea?

BLAKE: He's bright. He'd already thought of it.

VILA: What? What?

JENNA: He fixes the log, the crew dump us, pocket the profit and set him free.

VILA: That's immoral. The cold-hearted murdering - Let's kill him now before he can do it.

BLAKE: (TO JENNA) How much do you know about this type of ship?

JENNA: Not a lot. Converted deep space freighter. Early mark hyper-drive, which needs re-stressing by the feel of it. Whole lot should have been scrapped some time ago.

BLAKE: Could you fly it?

JENNA: I doubt it, why?

BLAKE: Once we've taken it, we'll need a pilot ...

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Space Ship
London in Flight.
Night.

We want to indicate
the passage of time.
SHOW the ship
moving through
(perhaps) special
light conditions,
then MIX to show
another space
condition.

CUT

END TELECINE 3.

6. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(COMMANDER LEYLAN AND
ARTIX ARE CONCENTRATING
ON A SPREAD SKY CHART
NEAR AN INSTRUMENT
BANK.

LEYLAN LOOKS CONCERNED.
HE MAKES A SWEEPING
GESTURE ACROSS THE
CENTRE OF THE CHART)

LEYLAN: There shouldn't be anything
there at all. It's empty space.
Nothing orbits through it. No
marked space wrecks, no navigational
hazards, nothing.

ARTIX: Well there's something there
now, and our course takes us right
through it...

(RAIKER ENTERS.
SUDDENLY THE
FLIGHT DECK IS
FILLED WITH A SOFT,
EERIE, MONOTONAL
KEENING SOUND.

IT CUTS OFF. THERE
IS A MOMENTARY
PAUSE THEN THE
FLIGHT DECK LURCHES
ONCE VERY SLIGHTLY.

THE LURCH IS FOLLOWED
IMMEDIATELY BY A
SOUND LIKE STONES
RATTLING AGAINST
METAL)

RAIKER: What's happening?

(LEYLAN BECOMES
BRISK AND EFFICIENT
NOW)

LEYLAN: Full spectrum shock waves.
We had one about ten minutes ago
but it was only scale two. We
hardly noticed it.

(TO ARTIX)

What was the reading on that?

(ARTIX CHECKS AN
INSTRUMENT AND:)

ARTIX: Seven.

LEYLAN: Put all sections on
standby. Turbulence alert. There's
debris too. Put out the deflector
shields.

(ARTIX MOVES TO A
COMMUNICATOR.

RAIKER OPERATES
ANOTHER CONTROL)

RAIKER: Deflectors out. Where's
the blast coming from?

(LEYLAN INDICATES
THE CHART)

LEYLAN: Somewhere in this sector.

RAIKER: But that's total void.

LEYLAN: Not now it isn't.

(TO ARTIX)

Show him.

(ARTIX OPERATES A
LARGE ELECTRONIC
SCREEN, THE OFFICERS
CLUSTER AROUND IT.

ON THE SCREEN WE
SEE SEVERAL TRACERS
OF LIGHT CURVING
AND ARCHING IN A
COMPLEX BUT GRACEFUL
PATTERN)

RAIKER: I never saw anything like
that before. Can you increase
magnification?

ARTIX: We're at the limit now.

RAIKER: What sort of range?

ARTIX: About five subsecs on the
high-dee grid.

RAIKER: Anything coming in on the
communicators?

ARTIX: Static right across the
range.

(RAIKER STARES AT THE
SCREEN)

RAIKER: I suppose it could be some
sort of meteorite collision ...

(BEFORE RAIKER CAN
FINISH THE ATTENTION
OF ALL IS TAKEN
BY ONE OF THE MOVING
DOTS ON THE SCREEN.
IT EXPANDS INTO A
GLARING WHITE
FLARE.

AS THE GLARE
DIMINISHES THERE IS
NO TRACE OF THE DOT
OR ITS TRAIL)

ARTIX: What was that?

LEYLAN: I think it's a damn great
space battle. Two fleets, maybe more.

ARTIX: We haven't got any heavy combat
stuff in this section have we?

LEYLAN: They're not Federation ships,
and that's not our battle. I want
a new course ... Take us round it
with a three subsec margin from
the outer limits of the action.

(ARTIX MOVES QUICKLY
TO HIS NAVIGATION
CONSOLE AND STARTS
TOUCHING BUTTONS.

AGAIN THE KEENING
SOUND IS HEARD.
IT IS MORE INTENSE
THIS TIME AND LASTS
LONGER.

THE FLIGHT DECK
LURCHES. THERE IS
THE RATTLE OF DEBRIS
ON THE OUTER HULL.
AS THE WAVE PASSES)

Reading?

RAIKER: Scale nine. Shift course and we'll be taking those blasts broadside. They'll smash the guts out of us.

LEYLAN: Better that then run into the middle of a war. Take the controls Mr. Raiker.

(TO ARTIX)

Put the ship on full emergency. All crew to operational stations.

(WITH SWIFT EFFICIENCY
THE FLIGHT DECK IS
PREPARED FOR A CHANGE
OF COURSE.

AGAIN THE KEENING
SOUND BEGINS TO
BUILD)

TELECINE 4:

Int. Service Channel. Night.

This is the very narrow space between the outer hull and the inner lining wall of the Space Craft. Thick snakes of multi coloured cables run along the walls. There is barely room for a man to stand and squeeze along through the channel.

BLAKE is in the channel, edging forward.

The sound is carried over from the previous scene. It stops. The lurch throws BLAKE off balance.

We hear the loud rattle of debris (louder here) against the outside hull.

BLAKE manages to stoop and rap a signal against a smallish panel on the inner wall.

CUT:

END TELECINE 4.

7. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(JENNA, VILA AND
OLAG GAN ARE
STANDING IN A
GROUP NEAR THE
HULL.

WE HEAR THE TAPPING
SOUND MADE BY BLAKE
COMING FROM A
REMOVABLE INSPECTION
COVER IN THE WALL.

JENNA GLANCES AT THE
PANEL.

OLAG GAN, AN ENORMOUSLY
STRONG BUT NORMALLY
SILENT YOUNG MAN
REMAINS WHERE HE IS.

VILA MOVES TO WHERE
THE GUARD IS STANDING
AND STARTS PERFORMING
A SMALL SLEIGHT-OF-HAND
TRICK TO TAKE HIS
ATTENTION.

A SURVEILLANCE SCANNER
HIGH UP ON THE WALL
PANS SLOWLY BACKWARDS
AND FORWARDS ACROSS
THE COMPARTMENT.

JENNA WATCHES CASUALLY,
WAITING FOR IT TO
APPROACH THE FURTHEST
LIMIT OF ITS TRAVERSE.
SHE CHECKS THAT THE
GUARD IS DISTRACTED
AND THEN SIGNALS TO
OLAG GAN. SWIFTLY HE
REMOVES THE INSPECTION
COVER.

BLAKE SQUEEZES OUT.
OLAG GAN REPLACES
THE COVER JUST BEFORE
THE SCANNER REACHES
HIM ON ITS RETURN
SWING.

VILA GRINS AT THE
GUARD, COMPLETES
HIS TRICK AND MOVES
BACK TO JOIN JENNA
AND THE OTHERS)

BLAKE: I got past both the metal
grilles this time. It'll work I
can get him to do it.

(HE MOVES ACROSS TO
SPEAK TO AVON)

If you had access to the computer,
could you open that door?

(INDICATES THE
DOOR OUT OF THE
PASSENGER COM-
PARTMENT)

AVON: Why?

BLAKE: I just wondered how good you
really were.

AVON: Don't try and manipulate me
Blake.

BLAKE: Why should I do that?

AVON: You need my help.

BLAKE: Only if you can open that door.

AVON: I could open every door, blind the scanners, knock out the security overrides. Control the computer and you control the ship. And I could control the computer.

BLAKE: Then I do need your help. There's a service channel that runs the length of the ship. Every other compartment has an inspection hatch. The last one opens into the computer section.

AVON: Give me one reason why I should help you.

BLAKE: You're a civilised man Avon. On Cygnus Alpha that won't be a survival characteristic.

AVON: An intelligent man can adapt.

BLAKE: Or recognise an alternative.

AVON: I already have one.

BLAKE: A private deal with the crew to fake the ship's computer log? You've had four months to think about that. It didn't take you that long to work out that they'd have to kill you afterwards to keep you quiet.

AVON: Whereas you're offering me safety.

BLAKE: I'm offering you the chance of freedom.

AVON: Generous, considering mine will be the most important job.

(VILA DRIFTS ACROSS)

BLAKE: Then you'll do it?

VILA: When?

BLAKE: Now?

(SUDDENLY AND VERY
LOUD THE SOUND WHICH
PRECEDES A BLAST
IMPACT FILLS THE
COMPARTMENT.

EVERYONE COVERS
THEIR EARS)

8. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(CARRY OVER THE
SOUND FROM THE
PREVIOUS SCENE.
IT STOPS AND IS
FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY
BY A TREMENDOUS
LURCH.

THE THREE MEN ON
THE FLIGHT DECK
ARE THROWN
ACROSS THE ROOM.

THERE IS THE
SOUND OF CRUNCHING
METAL AS THE SHIP
SUSTAINS DAMAGE.

THEY PICK THEMSELVES
UP. THERE IS PANIC
IN VOICES AND ACTIONS
NOW)

LEYLAN: Damage report!

RAIKER: Port deflector shield buckled
The outer hull has been holed in the
rear section.

LEYLAN: Auto-repair circuits?

RAIKER: They're sealing it.

LEYLAN: Artix?

ARTIX: Vision panels are out but
I'm getting blind readings ... There's
an echo from something pretty big
and pretty far off. I can't identify
it without a scan.

RAIKER: Could it be a ship from the battle fleet?

ARTIX: It's a long way out from the centre of the action. Seems to be drifting ... My guess is that it's something being pushed along in the shock waves. It's running parallel to us. Still a long way off.

LEYLAN: Keep a check on it. And start working on those vision panels.

(THE SOUND BEGINS
BUILDING RAPIDLY.

THE PRELUDE TO
ANOTHER SHOCK IMPACT.
THE MEN BRACE THEM-
SELVES)

RAIKER: Here we go again.

(THE SOUND STOPS
AND THE LURCH HITS)

9. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(WE SEE THE AFTER
EFFECT OF THE IMPACT
AND HEAR THE SOUND
OF THE DEBRIS
STRIKING THE OUTER
HULL. THE PRISONERS
RELEASE THEIR GRASP
OF FIXED OBJECTS.)

BLAKE, AVON, JENNA,
VILA AND GAN ARE IN
A GROUP BESIDE THE
BULKHEAD OPPOSITE
THE ONE IN WHICH THE
INSPECTION PANEL OPENS)

JENNA: A couple more like that and
we won't have a ship to take over.

VILA: Perhaps we should get on with
it do you think maybe?

GAN: Don't be nervous.

VILA: Nervous? I'm not nervous.
Just poised for action that's all.

BLAKE: Alright now, apart from us
how many others have stuck to minimum
rations?

JENNA: Selman, Klein and Nova. The
rest are doped to the eyeballs.

AVON: You've got an army of six
Blake. Six and him. (NODS AT VILA)
Do you still think you can take the
ship?

BLAKE: If you do your bit.

VILA: Look at this.

(THEY ALL LOOK AT
THE HULL WALL.
FROM SOME OF THE
HAIRLINE CRACKS
THAT SHOW THE
JOINTS IN THE
PANELLING IS
EXUDING A BRIGHTLY
COLOURED, GLUE-
LIKE SUBSTANCE.
IT FORMS UNEVEN
STREAKY LINES
ALONG THE JOINTS.

JENNA TOUCHES IT
WITH HER FINGER-
TIPS. THE SUBSTANCE
IS OBVIOUSLY VERY
TACKY)

JENNA: Sealing gel. If the outer
hull is punctured this stuff floods
into the section and blocks it up.
It goes solid in seconds. We must
have been holed in that last tur-
bulence.

BLAKE: These blast waves are our
best chance. The crew will have
their hands full just running the
ship. (TO AVON) Ready?

AVON: Yes.

BLAKE: Make it good Vila. (cont ...)

(THE TWO MEN MOVE
OFF WITHIN NEAR
SIGHT OF THE GUARD.
THIS TIME, VILA
APPEARS TO BE
DEMONSTRATING HIS
HAND TRICK TO A
FASCINATED GAN)

BLAKE: (cont) We'll be set to move in exactly thirty minutes. That should give you plenty of time.

(BLAKE NODS TO ONE
OF THE WALL MOUNTED
LENSES)

Take out those scanners and get the doors open. We'll do the rest. Good luck.

AVON: Luck has nothing to do with it.

(A COVERING OPERATION
BEGINS.

VILA AND GAN DISTRACT
THE GUARD. JENNA
WATCHES THE MOVEMENT
OF THE SCANNER.
SELMAN, KLEIN AND
NOVA CASUALLY MOVE
TO A POSITION WHICH
HELPS TO SCREEN THE
PANEL, AT THE
APPROPRIATE MOMENT.

BLAKE AND JENNA
LIFT OFF THE COVER.

OUR VIEW OF THE
ACTION IS MASKED
MOMENTARILY BY A
MOVING KNOT OF
PRISONERS. WHEN
THEY CLEAR, THE
OPERATION IS OVER.
THE PANEL IS BACK
IN POSITION. AVON
HAS GONE)

NOVA: How will we know when he's made it?

BLAKE: The indicator lights on the scanners. When they go out we're on our way.

(ANGLE UP AND FEATURE
IN CLOSE UP OF THE
SCANNER LENSE WITH
ITS TINY GLOWING
"ON" INDICATOR)

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TELECINE 5:

Int. Service Channel.
Night.

We see AVON squeezing
along the narrow
channel.

ESTABLISH.

CUT:

END TELECINE 5.

10. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN AND RAIKER
ARE AT THEIR CONTROL
POSITIONS. ARTIX
IS AT ONE OF THE
INSTRUMENT BANKS.
THE FRONT PANELS
HAVE BEEN REMOVED
TO REVEAL A MASS
OF COMPLEX ELECTRONICS.
ARTIX IS TESTING
WITH A SMALL DEVICE)

LEYLAN: How long since the last
wave?

(RAIKER CHECKS AN
INSTRUMENT)

RAIKER: Seventeen point four minutes.

LEYLAN: We should be due for another
any time now.

RAIKER: You ever hit anything like
this before?

LEYLAN: Not as bad as that last one.

RAIKER: What do you think it was?

LEYLAN: If that is a space battle,
I'd say a drive unit went critical,
and a ship died. (TO ARTIX) How
are your repairs coming?

ARTIX: I haven't located the fault yet sir.

RAIKER: A hyper-drive unit wouldn't make a splash like that.

LEYLAN: Para-neutronics might.

RAIKER: You couldn't fit para-neutronics into a ship!

LEYLAN: We couldn't Mr Raiker. But that doesn't mean it can't be done. (HE TURNS FROM RAIKER) Are you still getting that echo?

ARTIX: Whatever it is it's still there ... Running almost parallel, closing slowly.

RAIKER: We're going to need those vision panels.

ARTIX: I've got one more eight level check ... If the fault isn't there, the computer technician will have to find it.

LEYLAN: Just get on with it.

TELECINE 5A:

Int. Service Channel.
Night.

AVON squeezes past a bulkhead and struggles along the channel. He reaches a point where there is an inspection panel.

In the restricted space he starts to work on the fasteners and then inches the panel open.

CUT:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

The computer is an island unit in the middle of a small room. It is equipped with the usual flashing panels etc. There is a single (closed) door to the room.

We see this through the partly open panel, from AVON'S VP. The room appears empty. Reassured, AVON lowers the panel still further as WE REVERSE ON HIM.

ANOTHER ANGLE shows what AVON has not seen. A TECHNICIAN, GARTON, is kneeling at the other side of the computer making repairs.

AVON starts to climb out of the inspection hatch when GARTON moves and reveals himself. AVON pulls back swiftly and closes the cover, leaving himself a narrow viewing gap.

Unaware that he is being watched, GARTON continues to make checks around the computer. He is working feverishly.

CUT:

Int. Wiring Channel.
Night.

AVON waits, tense and frustrated by Garton's infuriating slowness. AVON looks at his watch and then stares helplessly out again.

CUT:

END TELECINE 5A:

11. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER QUARTERS.
NIGHT.

(CLOSE ON ONE OF
THE GLOWING
INDICATOR LIGHTS
BESIDE A SCANNER
LENS WHICH IS
STILL MAKING ITS
REGULAR TRANVERSE.

THEN ANGLE TO
BLAKE WHO IS
GLANCING AT HIS
WATCH.

JENNA AND VILA
ARE BESIDE HIM.

NEAR AT HAND IS
NOVA)

VILA: He should have made it by now.

JENNA: You think he's been caught?

BLAKE: No. There would have been an
alarm. He must have run into trouble.
I'd better go in after him.

VILA: You can't do that. If it all
starts happening while you're in there
who's going to get this lot moving.

JENNA: He's right.

BLAKE: Yes. (TO VILA) You go then.

VILA: Me? Ah. I'd be glad to, only
I've got this problem with confined
spaces. There's a medical name for it.

JENNA: Cowardice?

NOVA: I'll go. Let me do it? I haven't done anything yet.

VILA: I'm quite prepared to go. I just didn't want to let anyone down because of my...illness...

NOVA: I want to help.

VILA: (TO BLAKE) What d'you think?

(BLAKE CONSIDERS
BRIEFLY, THEN
NODS)

BLAKE: Alright. Get him in.

(NOVA MOVES EAGERLY
UP TO THE PANEL.

THE OTHERS MOVE
TO START THE COVER
ROUTINE)

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12. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(WE HEAR THE EERIE
SOUND BUILDING TO
A NEW SHOCK WAVE)

LEYLAN: Here it comes. Hang on.

(THEY GRAB ANYTHING
THEY CAN REACH)

TELECINE 6:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

The sound is building.
GARTON looks up
anxiously from his
work.

GARTON moves and
takes a position
directly beneath the
inspection panel.

CUT:

Int. Service Channel.
Night.

AVON braces himself
and decides to act.

CUT:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

The panel drops and
AVON explodes out on
to the unsuspecting
man. The struggle is
brief and AVON quickly
knocks GARTON senseless.

The sound is building
to ear-splitting
intensity. AVON gets
to his feet to look
for something to hold
on to.

CUT:

Int. Service Channel.
Night.

NOVA is edging along
trying to protect his
ears from the agonising
note.

Suddenly it stops.
He grabs for a hand
HOLD as the wave hits
and everything lurches.

The rattle of debris
against the outside hull
becomes deafening and
again NOVA puts his
hands over his ears.

With shocking suddenness,
three small jagged holes
appear in the outer wall
close beside NOVA'S HEAD.
We hear the rapid hiss
of escaping pressure.

Desperate, and gasping
for breath NOVA presses
his hand over the holes
in a futile attempt to
seal them. There is a
sudden loud burbling
noise.

From large nozzles
on the inner hull come
powerful jets of the
glue like substances
that we saw earlier.

Very rapidly they rise
around NOVA, filling
the section of the
channel. NOVA starts
to scream but his
cries are drowned out
by the clatter on the
hull. The sealing
glue engulfs him
completely with one
final very fast surge.

CUT:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

AVON lets go of his
support and starts his
investigation of the
computer, trying to
identify its functions.

He works with
a desperate
intensity.

CUT:

END TELECINE 6

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13. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

LEYLAN: Damage?

RAIKER: Three hull punctures. They're
already sealed and solid ... (TO ARTIX)
What was the force?

ARTIX: Down to nine again. It's
reducing.

LEYLAN: Not before time. Where's
that echo now?

(ARTIX CHECKS HIS
INSTRUMENTS.

THERE IS A SUDDEN
NOTE OF ALARM IN
HIS VOICE)

ARTIX: It's practically on top of us!
And still closing.

LEYLAN: Get those scans fixed. Come
on move it ... !!!

TELECINE 7:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

AVON is prodding
carefully inside the
computer with a long
thin probe (possibly
a fibre-optic strand)
he mutters to himself.

AVON: Prison compartment scanners...

We see him decide
and then make a
positive movement
with the probe.

CUT:

END TELECINE 7.

14. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(CLOSE ON THE
INDICATOR LIGHT
ON THE SCANNER.

THE LIGHT GOES
OFF.

ANGLE ON BLAKE
AS HE REACTS)

BLAKE: Here we go.

(HE TURNS TO THE
GROUP AROUND HIM)

Get ready.

(THEY ARE NOW
WITHIN STRIKING
DISTANCE OF THE
GUARD)

Come on Avon...

(BY PURE CHANCE
THE GUARD GLANCES
UP AT THE LENS
AND REACTS AS HE
NOTICES THE
INDICATOR LIGHT
IS OUT)

JENNA: He's spotted it.

(THE GUARD REACHES
FOR A COMMUNICATOR.

GAN SPRINGS FORWARD
AND GRABS THE GUARD.

IN AN INSTANT, BLAKE
AND VILA ARE HELPING
HIM. OTHER PRISONERS
MASS BEHIND THEM.

THEY WAIT TENSELY
FOR THE DOOR TO
OPEN)

BLAKE: The door Avon ... come on.

TELECINE 8:

Int. Computer Room.
Night.

AVON is feverishly
probing in the
computer looking
for the master door
control.

Behind him, GARTON
starts to recover
consciousness and
hauls himself to his
knees.

A little more
searching and AVON
looks triumphant.

AVON: Yes. There it is.

We are CLOSE ON HIM
as he sights along
the probe. He is
about to push it
home when GARTON'S
HAND SWINGS INTO
FRAME and chops down
on the back of his
neck.

AVON falls and
GARTON throws
himself into a
desperate fight.

CUT:

END TELECINE 8.

15. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(BUILDING TENSION
AS THE DOOR REMAINS
CLOSED)

BLAKE: (TO GAN) Bring the guard up ..

(GAN HEAVES THE
GUARD TO WHERE
BLAKE STANDS AT
THE DOOR)

Open the door.

(THE GUARD DETERMINEDLY
SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Put his hand on the panel.

(THE PRISONERS
FORCE THE GUARD'S
HAND TOWARD THE
PANEL, BUT HE KEEPS
IT TIGHTLY CLENCHED
IN A FIST.

THEY MAKE AN EFFORT
TO FORCE HIM TO
OPEN IT BUT IT
QUICKLY PROVES
IMPOSSIBLE TO FORCE
A FLAT PALM.

GAN PUSHES THE
OTHERS ASIDE. HE
HOLDS THE GUARD BY
BOTH WRISTS AND
SPEAKS TO HIM VERY
SOFTLY. HIS VOICE
IS GENTLY BUT THE
GUARD CANNOT MISS A
VERY REAL MENACE)

GAN: It's just your hand we need.
If you want to stay attached to it,
do as you're told.

(GAN RELEASES THE
GUARD'S RIGHT HAND
AND THE MAN
RELUCTANTLY PLACES
IT AGAINST THE BLUE
PANEL. THE DOOR
SLIDES OPEN)

16. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND THE PRINCIPALS TO THE FORE, THE PRISONERS SURGE FORWARD.

BLAKE HIMSELF IS ARMED WITH THE GUARD'S GUN. THE GUARD HIMSELF IS DRAPED OVER GAN'S SHOULDER LIKE A RAG DOLL.

THE GROUP COMES UP AGAINST ANOTHER CLOSED DOOR.

GAN PUSHES FORWARD AND SETS THE GUARD ON HIS FEET. HE ASKS POLITELY, WITH A CHARMING SMILE)

GAN: Would you mind?

(THE GUARD PRESSES HIS HAND ON THE PANEL AND THE DOOR OPENS. BEFORE THE PRISONERS MOVE ON, BLAKE GIVES SWIFT ORDERS)

BLAKE: Take a few men each and spread out. Find the armoury. Jenna?

(JENNA AND BLAKE START FORWARD AT THE RUN. THE OTHERS SPLINTER OFF DOWN A SIDE CORRIDOR)

JENNA: Where are we going?

TELECINE 9:

Int. Computer room. Night.

AVON finally overcomes
GARTON and knocks him out.
Near exhausted by the fight,
he staggers to the computer.

He pushes the probe home,
the door to the computer
room slides open.

CUT:

END TELECINE 9:

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17. INT. FLIGHT DECK LOND

(THE DOOR TO THE
FLIGHT DECK SLIDES
OPEN.)

RAIKER NOTICES AND
REACTS)

ARTIX: All checks complete. The
fault must be in the computer.

LEYLAN: Get down there, then.

(RAIKER AND ARTIX
EXIT AT THE RUN)

18. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(AS RAIKER AND ARTIX
EMERGE FROM THE
FLIGHT DECK, RAIKER
IS HALTED BY THE
SIGHT OF ALL THE
SIDE AND CORRIDOR
DOORS STANDING OPEN)

RAIKER: All the doors are open.

ARTIX: P'raps that last shock did
more damage than we thought. Looks
like the whole system's disrupted.

RAIKER: Let's find out.

(THEY MOVE OFF
QUICKLY)

19. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(BLAKE AND JENNA
HURRYING DOWN THE
CORRIDOR GLANCING
INTO OPEN DOORWAYS
AS THEY GO.

RAIKER AND ARTIX
APPEARS AT THE FAR
END OF THE CORRIDOR.
THE TWO GROUPS TOTALLY
SURPRISE ONE ANOTHER.

RAIKER REACHES FOR
HIS SIDE ARM, BUT
BLAKE IS FASTER
AND LOOSES OFF A
BLAST FROM HIS
WEAPON.

THERE IS AN EXPLOSION
NEAR RAIKER'S HEAD
AND HE AND ARTIX DIVE
BACK AROUND THE
CORNER INTO COVER.

BLAKE AND JENNA
ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY.

RAIKER LUNGES FROM
COVER, FIRES A SHOT
AND THEN DIVES BACK.

AVON APPEARS FROM A
DOORWAY ABOUT HALFWAY
DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND
CALLS URGENTLY)

AVON: Blake!

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(BLAKE AND JENNA
PLUNGE THROUGH
THE DOORWAY.
BLAKE COVERING
JENNA'S ENTRANCE)

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20. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(BLAKE IS AT THE
OPEN DOOR, GUN READY)

BLAKE: Can you close this door?

(AVON MAKES A
MINUTE ADJUSTMENT
WITH THE PROBE
WHICH IS STILL
PROJECTING FROM
THE COMPUTER)

21. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(RAIKER AND ARTIX
ADVANCE ON THE
CLOSED DOOR.

RAIKER PRESSES HIS
BACK AGAINST THE
WALL OPPOSITE THE
DOOR AND HOLDING
HIS GUN IN BOTH
HANDS, AIMS IT.

HE GESTURES ARTIX
TO PUT HIS HAND
ON THE BLUE PANEL.

THE DOOR MOVES
FRACTIONALLY BUT
STAYS SHUT)

RAIKER: They've jammed it. Get
up to the flight deck. Tell the old
man what's happening.

(ARTIX RACES AWAY.

RAIKER HITS AN ALARM
SWITCH. THERE IS A LOUD
AND CONTINUOUS BLEEP
THAT SOUNDS THROUGHOUT
THE SHIP)

22. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(BLAKE, JENNA AND
AVON AT THE
COMPUTER)

AVON: Now what?

BLAKE: Cripple the ship. With
command of the computer we'll have all
the bargaining power we need.

(AVON STARTS TO
WORK)

65 23. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN IS ALONE
AT THE FLIGHT CONTROL
PANEL. BANK BY BANK
THE INDICATOR LIGHTS
GO OFF. THE ALARM
DIES.

ALL THE EQUIPMENT
SEEMS TO DIE.

THE MAIN LIGHTING
STARTS TO FADE DOWN
TO DIM.

ARTIX ENTERS)

LEYLAN: What the hell is going on?

ARTIX: Prisoners are loose sir.
~~They~~ have the computer.

(LEYLAN BOUNDS

24. INT. SECTION OF CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A GROUP OF PRISONERS
LED BY GAN AND VILA
ARE MOVING DOWN THE
CORRIDOR)

VILA: (MUTTERING) Find the armoury,
he says. I don't even like guns.

(TWO UNSUSPECTING GUARDS
APPEAR AROUND A CORNER
AND ALMOST WALK INTO
THE PRISONERS.

THE GUARDS GO FOR
THEIR WEAPONS.

GAN GRABS BOTH OF
THEM AND HOLDS THEM
HELPLESS)

GAN: (TO VILA) Get their guns.

(VILA GINGERLY TAKES
THE GUN FROM ONE OF
THE GUARDS WHILE
ANOTHER PRISONER
DISARMS THE SECOND.
AS SOON AS THEY HAVE
DONE SO, TWO MORE
GUARDS WITH GUNS
DRAWN APPEAR ROUND
THE CORNER)

Stand still or we'll kill them. Drop
your guns.

(VILA DROPS HIS GUN
AS THOUGH IT HAS
BURNT HIS HAND.
DISCONCERTED THE
OTHER PRISONER TRIES
TO FIRE AT THE GUARDS.

THEY SHOOT HIM)

GUARD ONE: Move and you're dead.

(THE PRISONERS RAISE
THEIR HANDS.

GAN RELEASES HIS
CAPTIVES)

GAN: (SADLY REPROACHFUL) Vila?

VILA: I got confused.

(THE FIRST PAIR OF
GUARDS RECOVER
THEIR GUNS)

GUARD ONE: Hands on your heads.
Now move. Single file.

25. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(RAIKER IS STANDING
TENSE GUARD OUTSIDE
THE DOOR OF THE
COMPUTER ROOM.

HE GLANCES OFF IN
ONE DIRECTION AT
THE SOUND OF RAPID
FIRE. AS IT DIES
AWAY, HE FACES THE
OTHER DIRECTION TO
SEE LEYLAN AND ARTIX
APPROACHING AT
THE RUN)

LEYLAN: They're still in there?

(RAIKER NODS.

LEYLAN MOVES
SWIFTLY TO A WALL
COMMUNICATOR)

26. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(THERE IS A BUZZING
SOUND FROM A
COMMUNICATOR IDENTICAL
TO THE ONE USED BY
LEYLAN.)

BLAKE CROSSES AND
PICKS UP THE MIKE)

BLAKE: Yes?

LEYLAN'S VOICE: This is Commander
Leylan. If you come out immediately
and surrender yourselves you'll be
treated leniently. If not, my men
will blast their way in and you'll
suffer the consequences.

BLAKE: Those are your terms?

LEYLAN'S VOICE: Yes.

BLAKE: These are mine. All your
weapons are to be handed over to my
men. You will then operate under
my orders -

27. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN, RAIKER AND
ARTIX STAND
LISTENING TO BLAKE'S
VOICE FROM THE
COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE'S VOICE: - and fly the ship
to the nearest habitable planet where
we will disembark.

(THE THREE MEN
EXCHANGE 'LOOKS')

While we hold the computer, the ship
is helpless ... It will stay that
way until you agree.

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28. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

BLAKE: One more thing. Any attempt
by your men to enter this room and
we'll destroy the computer. Totally.
We'll all die together. That's all ...
Let me know when you've decided.

(BLAKE IS ABOUT TO
BREAK THE CONNECTION)

29. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

LEYLAN: (URGENT) Blake ... wait ...
Listen to me ... There is something
large travelling very near us and
we've been running blind. We may
be on a collision course ... You're
putting everybody's life at risk.

BLAKE'S VOICE: Better make up
your mind quickly then.

(THERE IS A CLICK
FROM THE SPEAKER AS
BLAKE CUTS OFF.

LEYLAN LOOKS HELP-
LESSLY AT HIS
COMPANIONS.

A PRISONER RUNS
INTO SIGHT AT THE
END OF THE CORRIDOR.
HE SEES LEYLAN AND
THE OTHERS AND STOPS
DEAD. HE HESITATES
FOR A MOMENT. THERE
IS A BURST OF FIRING
AND HE FALLS EVIDENTLY
DEAD. THREE ARMED
GUARDS APPEAR AT THE
CORNER. ONE OF THE
GUARDS HURRIES DOWN
TO LEYLAN AND HIS
GROUP)

LEYLAN: (INDIGNANT) He wasn't
armed.

GUARD ONE: We were lucky. They couldn't find the armoury. We've got most of them back into their quarters. We're just mopping up now.

LEYLAN: So I see.

GUARD ONE: (STIFFLY) Some of our men have been injured, sir.

LEYLAN: And the prisoners?

GUARD ONE: We've killed six (GLANCES BACK) - seven. In the course of quelling a riot and protecting the ship. Sir.

LEYLAN: Very well. Carry on.

GUARD ONE: Thank you, sir.

(THE GUARDS MOVE OFF.

LEYLAN LOOKS TIRED.

RAIKER STARES AT THE
COMPUTER ROOM DOOR.
A SINISTER SMILE
CROSSES HIS FACE)

RAIKER: I can get them out of there.

LEYLAN: How?

RAIKER: I want a free hand to
take whatever action I think
necessary. Do I have your permission.

(LEYLAN HESITATES.

HE KNOWS RAIKER.

HE NODS,
RESIGNEDLY)

LEYLAN: Alright.

30. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(BLAKE, JENNA AND AVON
ARE A LITTLE MORE RELAXED.
GARTON STARTS TO STIR.
BLAKE NOTICES)

BLAKE: Find something to tie him up.

(AVON PRODUCES SOME CABLE
FROM GARTON'S WORK BOX
AND BLAKE GOES TO WORK)

JENNA: What do you think they'll do?

BLAKE: They won't give in straight
away. But while the ship's in danger
they are too. And their time's
running out.

JENNA: So is ours.

BLAKE: We've got less to lose.

AVON: You may have but I value my life.

JENNA: Assuming they do land us
somewhere, what then?

BLAKE: Find a way to get back to Earth.

JENNA: Back to Earth?!

BLAKE: That's where the heart of the Federation is. A rotting thing. A stench. I'm going to see that heart torn out.

AVON: I thought you were probably insane.

BLAKE: That's possible. They've taken everything that ever mattered to me. They butchered my family, my friends. They even murdered my past. Stole my memories and replaced them with lies. They took my reality and gave me tranquilised dreams.

JENNA: At least you're alive.

BLAKE: No. Not until free men can think and speak. Not until power is back with the honest men.

AVON: Have you ever met an honest man?

JENNA: (LOOKING AT BLAKE) Perhaps.

AVON: All very heroic. Listen, wealth is the only reality. The rest is just words. And there's only one way to get wealth. By taking it away from someone else. Wake up Blake. You may not be tranquilised any longer but you're still dreaming.

JENNA: Maybe some dreams are worth having.

AVON: You don't really believe that?

JENNA: No. But I'd like to.

BLAKE: Yes well. You asked me what I was going to do and I've told you. You must do whatever you think is best.

AVON: Right. A new identity, a job in the Federation banking system. Three months with their computers and I can lift a hundred million credits and they'll never know where it went. Then let anyone try and touch me.

BLAKE: And the rest?

AVON: Have the same chance as me.

BLAKE: You don't really believe that?

(FURTHER DISCUSSION IS
ENDED AS THE COMMUNICATOR
BLEEPS. BLAKE MOVES TO
IT)

Yes?

31. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(THE PRISONERS ARE STANDING
IN A SULLEN GROUP IN THE
CENTRE OF THE AREA. THEY
ARE WATCHED OVER CAREFULLY
BY A NUMBER OF ARMED GUARDS.

IN THE FRONT OF THE GROUP
ARE VILA AND GAN.

RAIKER IS STANDING AT THE
DOOR, WATCHING THE PRISONERS.
HE SPEAKS INTO THE COMMUNICATOR)

RAIKER: Blake... switch on your
vision panel...Scanner thirty four.
There's something I want you to see.

32. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(BLAKE NODS ACROSS TO AVON
WHO PRESSES A SWITCH.

THE SCANNER IN THE ROOM
FLASHES THEN SETTLES AND
FOCUSES IN THE PASSENGER
COMPARTMENT. WE SEE THE
PRISONERS AND RAIKER)

RAIKER: (ON SCREEN) Have you got a
clear view of our little assembly,
Blake?

BLAKE: We see you.

RAIKER: (ON SCREEN) Then look off
the scanner and keep watching.

(AVON HOLDS THE SCANNER
TRAVERSE SO THAT RAIKER
AND THE PRISONERS ARE
CENTRE SCREEN.

RAIKER MOVES TO THE NEAREST
GUARD AND TAKES HIS GUN.
WITH SLOW, UNEMOTIONAL
DELIBERATION HE POINTS THE
WEAPON AT ONE OF THE
PRISONERS IN THE FRONT RANK.
HE FIRES AND THE MAN FALLS
DEAD.

BLAKE AND THE OTHERS REACT)

I'm going to kill one of your friends
every thirty seconds starting now.
I'll stop when you give yourselves up
or I run out of prisoners.

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(WE SEE RAIKER STARE AT
HIS WATCH COUNTING OFF
THE SECONDS)

BLAKE: Raiker... Listen to me...

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33. INT. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(WE HEAR BLAKE'S VOICE)

BLAKE'S VOICE: Damn you Raiker those
men are unarmed!

RAIKER: (INTERJECTING) The talking is
over Blake...

BLAKE: Let me speak to Leylan...

(RAIKER REPLACES THE
COMMUNICATOR AND CUTS
BLAKE OFF IN MID-SENTENCE)

34. INT. COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT.

(BLAKE JABS FURIOUSLY AT
THE CALL BUTTON)

BLAKE: Raiker! Raiker!

(ON THE SCREEN WE SEE RAIKER
STARING CALMLY AT HIS
WATCH. VERY CASUALLY
HE GLANCES AT THE PRISONERS
AND WITHOUT EVEN BOTHERING
TO TAKE PARTICULAR AIM,
HE FIRES. WE SEE ANOTHER
PRISONER FALL. VILA IS
NEXT IN LINE. HE LOOKS
TOWARDS THE SCANNER IN
MUTE APPEAL. BLAKE CROSSES
TO THE DOOR AND HAMMERS
IN IT)

Alright. Alright we're giving up.

(TURNING TO AVON)

Open the door.

AVON: We're throwing away our only
chance.

BLAKE: Open the door!

(AVON OPERATES THE CONTROL.
THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. THROUGH
IT WE SEE LEYLAN AND SOME
ARMED GUARDS. ALL ALERT
AND NERVOUS)

LEYLAN: Hands on your heads. Stand where you are.

(BLAKE COMPLIES)

BLAKE: Raiker's switched off...Tell him we're out... Quickly.

(LEYLAN GESTURES TO ARTIX WHO HURRIES AWAY. LEYLAN AND HIS GUARD MOVE INSIDE.

ALL TURN TO STARE AT THE SCANNER SCREEN.

ON THE SCREEN WE SEE RAIKER RAISE HIS GUN. BEFORE HE CAN FIRE, ARTIX RUSHES IN AND SPEAKS TO HIM. WE CANNOT HEAR THE SOUND.

RAIKER GIVES A SATISFIED NOD. THEN RAISES THE GUN AND KILLS A THIRD PRISONER. HE TURNS AND WALKS OUT WITH ARTIX.

BLAKE IS RIGID WITH ANGER. THE GUARDS PROD THE THREE INTO THE CORRIDOR. LEYLAN IS AS HORRIFIED AS BLAKE)

35. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(AS THEY ARE MARSHALLED
IN THE CORRIDOR)

BLAKE: Commander your first officer is
guilty of murder. I demand that this
incident is fully reported in your log.

LEYLAN: Don't tell me how to run my
ship, Blake... Everything that happens
is logged and filed with the Flight
Authority. They'll take whatever action
they deem necessary.

(RAIKER AND ARTIX APPEAR
FROM THE END OF THE
CORRIDOR. RAIKER CONFRONTS
BLAKE AND GRINS)

RAIKER: You could have won Blake. All
you needed was guts.

BLAKE: I'll settle for yours!

(BLAKE MOVES TO ATTACK
RAIKER BUT IS HAMPERED
BY A GUARD. RAIKER WITH
A NEATLY TIMED MOVEMENT
SWINGS HIS GUN UP AND
CATCHES BLAKE A STUNNING
BLOW ON THE JAW. BLAKE
STAGGERS BACK AND IS HELD
BY THE GUARDS)

RAIKER: Take them back. Put them in
close confinement. Not the girl. She
and I have some unfinished business.
(TO JENNA) Or did you think I'd

LEYLAN: (ICILY) Mister Raiker. Have you gone completely mad. (TO THE GUARD) Put her with the others.

(BLAKE IS DRAGGED AWAY. THE GUARDS HUSTLE JENNA AND AVON AFTER HIM)

Artix, get a technical squad in there. I want that computer fully functional in ten minutes.

(ARTIX DASHES AWAY)

(QUIETLY) This time you went too far Raiker. There'll have to be an inquiry

RAIKER: Naturally Sir. And I'm sure you'll confirm that I was acting with your full authority. (SMILES) There were other officers present who heard you give me permission to do what was necessary.

LEYLAN: Everything that was said or done by everybody... and that includes me... will be in my report.

(RAIKER'S SMILE BECOMES A LITTLE LESS CONFIDENT)

36. SPACE CRAFT PASSENGER COMPARTMENT.
NIGHT.

(CLOSE ON BLAKE'S FACE AS HE STARTS TO RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS. WE WIDEN TO SHOW HE IS IN ONE OF THE LAUNCH SEATS. THE METAL BANDS AROUND HIS CHEST AND WRISTS.

AVON AND JENNA ARE IN SEATS CLOSE TO HIM. THEY TOO ARE PINNED IN)

JENNA: How do you feel?

BLAKE: Sick.

AVON: So you should. What a fiasco. You could take the ship you said providing I did my bit. Well I did my bit. And what happened? Your troop stumble around looking for someone to give themselves up to and once they've succeeded you follow suit.

JENNA: What do you think they'll do to us?

BLAKE: Something unfriendly.

JENNA: For a while I really thought we were going to make it...

BLAKE: It was my fault.

AVON: I know.

BLAKE: I'll try and do better next time.

AVON: We had one chance. You wasted it. There won't be a next time.

JENNA: In which case you can die content.

AVON: Content?

JENNA: Knowing you were right.

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37. INT. FLIGHT DECK LONDON. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN AND RAIKER ARE AT THEIR DUTY POSITIONS. SLOWLY THE LIGHTS GROW FROM DIM TO NORMAL BRIGHTNESS. INSTRUMENTS AND INDICATOR LIGHTS SWITCH ON IN SEQUENCE. GRADUALLY THE WHOLE OF THE FLIGHT DECK EQUIPMENT COMES BACK INTO SERVICE.

ARTIX ENTERS AND REPORTS)

ARTIX: We have normal function on all systems. They're phasing them in now.

LEYLAN: Have we got scan yet?

(ARTIX CHECKS A PANEL)

ARTIX: Not yet.

LEYLAN: Get a blind reading on that echo.

(ARTIX OPERATES SOME DIALS, HE REACTS WITH ALARM)

--

ARTIX: It's right alongside!

(LEYLAN AND
RAIKER CHECK
HIS READING)

RAIKER: If this is accurate we're
almost touching!

(A VERY DISTINCTIVE
LIGHT COMES TO
LIFE ON A NEAR
FANEL)

ARTIX: We've got the scan back.

LEYLAN: Get me a picture.

(ARTIX OPERATES
THE CONTROLS.

RAIKER AND LEYLAN
STARE AT THE BIG
SCREEN.

WE SEE A SERIES
OF FLASHES BEFORE
THE PICTURE FORMS.

WE REVERSE ON TO
THE THREE MEN
BEFORE THE PICTURE
TAKES SHAPE.

SO THAT WE DO
NOT SEE THE SCREEN.

THEY REACT IN AWED
AMAZEMENT AT WHAT
THEY SEE. FOR A
MOMENT, NONE OF THEM
IS ABLE TO SPEAK)

RAIKER: I don't believe it.

LEYLAN: Look at the size of it.

ARTIX: Where could it have come from?

(LEYLAN SHAKES
HIS HEAD IN
BEWILDERMENT)

LEYLAN: Nowhere in the known galaxies. I've never seen a ship like that before in my life.

TELECINE 10x. (on screen)

MODEL SHOT.

Now we go around to show the view on the screen and get our first impressive view of the space craft that will become one of the stars of the series.

A magnificent space ship. It's flowing lines give the impression that it is capable of great speeds.

This is a super space craft of the distant future.

The great hull seems to shimmer against the blue black of space.

This will later become known as 'Liberator'.

END TELECINE 10x.

↑

SCENE 37. (continued)

(RESUME TO
INCLUDE THE
STILL AWED
MEN)

LEYLAN: She looks to be drifting
Mr Raiker. Take over and fly us
on manual. Maintain this
distance.

RAIKER: Yes sir.

(HE MOVES TO
THE CONTROLS
AND CONCENTRATES
ON FLYING THE
LONDON)

LEYLAN: Mr Artix ... Try and make
contact. Sound and vision.

ARTIX: Yes sir.

(ARTIX GOES TO
WORK ON HIS
CONTROLS)

This is civil administration ship
London out of Earth for Cygnus Alpha.
Please identify yourself.

(THE ONLY ANSWER
IS A CRACKLE OF
STATIC)

LEYLAN: Try again. Put it through
the translator unit. Run the message
in every known language.

(ARTIX REPETS HIS
LAST SPEECH.

OVER THIS WE
FAVOUR RAIKER
AND LEYLAN)

RAIKER: I reckon she was involved
in that space battle we picked up.
She got caught in the big blast
and her crew were either killed
or got out in the life rockets.

LEYLAN: Possible. No visible
sign of damage though.

RAIKER: No sign of life either ...

LEYLAN: (THOUGHTFULLY) If she's
been abandoned....

RAIKER: We could put on a boarding
party. You know what that ship would
be worth in prize money if we could
get her to a Federation planet?
Millions of credits. Millions.

LEYLAN: Leave a skeleton crew on her.
We could do it.

RAIKER: It's got to be worth a
try.

(LEYLAN CONSIDERS
AND THEN NODS
FIRMLY)

LEYLAN: Yes it has.

(HE SNAPS
DOWN A SWITCH
AND SPEAKS
URGENTLY)

Section four. Stand by to run out a transfer tube from lock six Wallace and Teague. Kit out with survival units. I'll be with you in a minute.

(HE TURNS TO
RAIKER)

Take us in as close as you can and keep us there.

(RAIKER NODS
AND CONCENTRATES
ON FLYING THE
LONDON.

LEYLAN STARTS FOR
THE EXIT)

TELECINE 10:

Ext. Liberator and
London in space,
Night.

MODEL SHOT.

A view of Liberator
again designed
to show it's impress-
ive size.

We slowly come
around to see the
"London" beside it.

The "London" looks
little bigger than
a tug alongside the
QE2.

The two ships sit
side by side.

CUT:

END TELECINE 10:

38. INT. HATCH SECTION LONDON. NIGHT.

(CORRIDORS LEAD
ON TO A SQUARE
AREA WHERE
THERE IS A
SLIDING DOOR
THAT OPENS
ON TO AN AIR-
LOCK CHAMBER .

STANDING READY
ARE TWO MEN.

TEAGUE AND
WALLACE.

THEY HAVE
VERY LIGHT
WEIGHT PORT-
ABLE BREATHING
EQUIPMENT.

AN ASSORTMENT
OF WEAPONS AND
INSTRUMENTS
CLIPPED TO
THEIR BELTS.

THERE ARE A FEW
OTHER CREW MEMBERS
STANDING NEAR AS
LEYLAN APPROACHES)

KRELL: Transfer tube ready sir.

LEYLAN: Alright. Give me vision.

(A CREWMAN
SWITCHES ON
A SCANNER
SCREEN AND
WE SEE THE
HULL OF THE
LIBERATOR)

Begin extension.

(ANOTHER CONTROL
BUTTON IS PRESSED)

TELECINE 11x. (on screen)

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MODEL SHOT.

From the bottom
of the scan screen
we see a concertina
like tube begin to
snake slowly toward
the Hull of Liberator.

CUT:

END TELECINE 11x:

TELECINE 11.

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Ext. Liberator and
London in space.
Night.

We see the semi-
flexible transfer
tube snaking across
the space between
the two ships.

CUT:

END TELECINE 11:

39. INT. HATCH SECTION. LONDON. NIGHT.

TELECINE 12x. (on screen)

MODEL SHOT.

On the scanner
screen we see the
end of the transfer
tube lock on to the
Hull of the Liberator.

KRELL: Locked on sir. Minimum air
pressure establiher.

LEYLAN turns to
WALLACE and TEAGUE.

LEYLAN: Keep your communicators open
at all times. I want a full report
on conditions inside that ship. If
there is anything living over there,
you'll try to make peaceful contact.
Weapons are only to be used for
defense and then only as a last resort.
Understood?

The TWO MEN
nod.

LEYLAN: Alright ... in you go ...
(cont)

KRELL operates
a switch and the
hatch door slides
open.

WALLACE and
TEAGUE step into
the airlock and
the door closes
behind them.

LEYLAN: (cont) Open airlock.

We hear the thud
of the Hull door
opening.

KRELL: Airlock open.

From the loud-
speaker we hear
Teague's voice.

TEAGUE'S VOICE: Starting along the
transfer tube now sir.

CUT:

END TELECINE 12x;

TELECINE 12.

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

TEAGUE and WALLACE
advance along the
transfer tube.

It sways slightly
in the way a rope
bridge might.

From the way the
MEN walk it is
apparent that their
boots adhere slightly
to the floor.

Their arm and body
movements suggest
weightlessness.

CUT:

END TELECINE 12:

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40. INT. HATCH SECTION. LONDON. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN AND HIS MEN
ARE TENSE. FROM
THE SPEAKER WE HEAR
THE HEAVY BREATHING
OF THE TWO MEN AS
THEY USE THEIR
BREATHING APPARATUS)

TEAGUE'S VOICE: We're against the
hull. It is a hatch entrance. I am
about to operate the remote lock
activator.

TELECINE 13.

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

TEAGUE and WALLACE
are against the hatch
of Liberator. Using
one of the electronic
devices from his belt,
TEAGUE is attempting
to open the hatch.

TEAGUE: No response on circuit one.

He makes an
adjustment to
the device.

CUT:

ENT TELECINE 13:

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41. INT. HATCH SECTION. LONDON. NIGHT.

TEAGUE'S VOICE: No response on circuit
two.

(PAUSE)

No response on circuit three.

(PAUSE)

No response on ... No! Wait! It's
opening!

TELECINE 14.

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

The hatchway in
Liberator's hull
is gliding slowly
open.

A powerful glow
of light intensifies
as the door opens
further.

It is so powerful
and dazzling that
nothing can be seen
of the interior.

TEAGUE and WALLACE
cautiously advance
into the Liberator.

CUT:

END TELECINE 14:

INT. HATCH SECTION, LONDON. NIGHT.

TEAGUE'S VOICE: Powerful light
source from somewhere. Moving
inside now ...

(LEYLAN SPEAKS
URGENTLY TO
KRELL)

LEYLAN: You. Get kitted up. Then
stand by to give back up if it's needed.

(KRELL MOVES AWAY
QUICKLY.

ANOTHER MAN TAKES
HIS PLACE)

TEAGUE'S VOICE: We're in a sort of
cylinder. Type of airlock I think.
(NOTE OF PANIC) It's turning!

(THERE IS SILENCE.

LEYLAN SHOWS
PANIC AND YELLS)

LEYLAN: Report ... Report!

(THE SILENCE CONTINUES.
THERE ARE ANXIOUS
LOOKS FROM LEYLAN AND
HIS MEN, THEN RELIEF
AS)

TEAGUE'S VOICE: It's fantastic ... I can't believe it ...

LEYLAN: What is it ... what's happening?

TEAGUE'S VOICE: It's alright, we've come out into what must be a flight deck ... But it's like nothing I've ever seen ...

LEYLAN: Describe it later ... Give me life-support read out.

TEAGUE'S VOICE: Pressure normal. Minimal radiation. Breathable oxygen atmosphere.

LEYLAN: Good. Now is there anybody on board?

TEAGUE'S VOICE: Not that we've seen, but, but ... I'm sorry, what was that? I didn't hear ...

LEYLAN: I didn't speak.

TEAGUE'S VOICE: Somebody did ... I heard a voice and ...

(TEAGUE'S VOICE CUTS
OFF IN MID-WORD AND
THERE IS AN ENORMOUS
AND DEAFENING DIS-
CHARGE OF CRACKLING
STATIC FROM THE SPEAKER,
THEN SILENCE)

LEYLAN: Teague! Report! Wallace!

(THE COMMUNICATOR
REMAINS SILENT.

LEYLAN TURNS
AND SNAPS AT A
CREW MAN)

Where the hell is that back up me ...
They could be in trouble.

KRELL: Coming sir.

(KRELL HURRIES ALONG
THE CORRIDOR)

LEYLAN: Get across there as fast
as you can ...

(KRELL IS HUSTLED
INTO THE AIRLOCK.
AND THE DOOR IS
CLOSED.

LEYLAN PUNCHES
A BUTTON ON THE
COMMUNICATOR)

43. INT. FLIGHT DECK, LONDON. NIGHT.

(RAIKER IS AT THE
CONTROLS WHEN
LEYLAN'S VOICE
SNAPS THROUGH
THE COMMUNICATOR)

LEYLAN'S VOICE: Raiker. Let Artix
take the ship. Get down here!

RAIKER: Right.

(HE GETS TO HIS
FEET AND HURRIES
FOR THE DOOR
LEAVING ARTIX
TO SLIDE IN
BEHIND THE
CONTROLS)

TELECINE 15:

Int. Transfer tube, Night.

KRELL moves up to
liberator and the
blinding light
from inside its
hatch.

CUT

END TELECINE 15:

44. INT. HATCH SECTION, LONDON. NIGHT.

(RAIKER APPEARS
AND RUNS TO JOIN
LEYLAN AND THE
OTHERS. THROUGH
THE SPEAKER WE
HEAR)

KRELL'S VOICE: I'm in the airlock
and it's turning ...

(THERE IS A
LONGISH TENSE
PAUSE, THEN)

I'm inside ... The design is
strange to me ... All the flight
control positions are empty ...

LEYLAN: Alright ... Now don't
move for a moment ... Just look
around. Tell me what you see...

KRELL'S VOICE: What?...I heard
something.

LEYLAN: What is it?

KRELL'S VOICE: It's whispering...
Sssh...Yes ... Yes I hear you ...
Davor?! What are you (PANIC
AND ANGER) What are they doing
to you! No! No!

(AGAIN THERE IS
THE VIOLENT BURST
OF STATIC FROM
THE SPEAKER AND
SILENCE)

LEYLAN: Krell! Answer me! Krell!

(LEYLAN SPEAKS
INTO COMMUNICATOR)

Listen to me ... if I have no
signal from you in three minutes,
I'm withdrawing the transfer tube.
Three minutes.

(RAIKER GRABS AT
LEYLAN'S ARM)

RAIKER: Wait! We can't give up
that easily. That ship is worth
a fortune ...

LEYLAN: Looks like I've already
lost three men ... I'm not risking
any more of my crew.

RAIKER: Then use prisoners. They've
got nothing to lose. Use Blake
and the other two...

(AS LEYLAN DOESN'T
REJECT THE IDEA
IMMEDIATELY RAIKER
PRESSES HOME THE
SCHEME)

Let them take the risks ... why not?

LEYLAN: (SLOWLY) We might still
save the other three.

RAIKER: Right. At least we'll
have tried.

(LEYLAN CONSIDERS)

LEYLAN: Get them equipped and bring them down here ...

(RAIKER MOVES
AWAY SWIFTLY)

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45. INT. FLIGHT DECK. LONDON. NIGHT.

(ARTIX AT THE
CONTROLS. HE
STUDIES THE
INSTRUMENTS
THOUGHTFULLY
AND THEN PRESSES
A COMMUNICATOR
BUTTON)

LEYLAN'S VOICE: Commander Leylan.

ARTIX: I don't know if it's significant sir, but I'm picking up a specific force energy field close by ... I presume it's the other ship.

LEYLAN'S VOICE: Is it constant?

ARTIX: That's the odd thing ... There have been two violent discharges. Right off the scale. But after each the source dropped back to constant.

46. INT. HATCH SECTION, NIGHT.

LEYLAN: Thank you Mr. Artix.

(LEYLAN GIVES HIS
ATTENTION TO
THE ARRIVAL OF
BLAKE, JENNA
AND AVON. THEY
ARE FASTENING
THEIR EQUIPMENT
AS THEY MOVE
ALONG WITH
RAIKER)

LEYLAN: I hope Mr. Raiker made
it clear that you can refuse to
do this.

BLAKE: Yes. He also made it clear
that we're already under sentence
of death and that summary execution
is one of our options. We chose
the other.

LEYLAN: If you're successful
I give you my word I'll have that
sentence quashed.

AVON: And if we're not?

RAIKER: You'll have no more problems
anyway.

JENNA: What is it we have to do?

LEYLAN: Find out what's happened to my men and if possible make it safe for a boarding party to go across.

BLAKE: Alright ... (TO JENNA AND AVON) You two?

(AVON NODS)

JENNA: (GLANCES AT RAIKER) I've had more offers.

LEYLAN: Good.

(BLAKE LOOKS AT
RAIKER WHO IS
HOLDING THE
BELTS THAT CONTAIN
HAND GUNS)

BLAKE: Do we get weapons?

RAIKER: I'll toss them into the airlock once you're inside.

BLAKE: Very wise...Alright...We're ready ... open the lock.

(LEYLAN NODS
CONFIRMATION
OF THE ORDER
AND A CREWMAN
PRESSES THE
CONTROL. AS
THE DOOR SLIDES
BACK, KRELL
LEAPS OUT.

THE SPEED OF KRELL'S
ENTRY IS SHOCKING
IN IT'S SUDDENNESS
AS IS THE UNHUMAN
SCREAM HE GIVES AS
HE LAUNCHES INTO
A SAVAGE ATTACK ON
THE NEAREST PERSON,
WHO HAPPENS TO BE
LEYLAN.

LEYLAN IS CARRIED
TO THE GROUND WITH
KRELL ON TOP OF
HIM SHRIEKING AND
GIBBERING
SENSELESSLY.

TWO CREWMEN HAUL
KRELL OFF AND HE
SUBSIDES INTO
MINDLESS SOBBING
AND MUTTERING.
SEEMINGLY COMPLETELY
INSANE.

LEYLAN SCRAMBLES
TO HIS FEET)

LEYLAN: Get him out of here ...

(UNRESISTING,
KRELL IS LED
AWAY. JENNA
STARES AFTER
HIM IN HORRIFIED
FASCINATION)

JENNA: What do you suppose did
that to him?

AVON: That is what we are supposed
to find out. Execution may have a
certain appeal after all.

BLAKE: Let's go...

(BLAKE STEPS INTO
THE AIRLOCK. THE
OTHER TWO FOLLOW.

RAIKER STEPS
FORWARD AND
TOSSES THE GUN
BELTS IN AND
INSTANTLY THE
INNER DOOR
CLOSES)

LEYLAN: Open airlock.

(A CREWMAN OPERATES
THE CONTROL)

CREW MAN: Airlock open.

TELECINE 16:

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

We see BLAKE
start forward
along the slightly
swaying tube.

The OTHERS follow.

ANOTHER ANGLE
as they approach
liberator. The
hatch is open
and in it we
see the huddled
figure of WALLACE.
His body drawn
up into a tight
foetal position.

BLAKE briefly
examines him
and then turns
and shakes his
head to the OTHERS.

The THREE step
inside the hull.

CUT

END TELECINE 16:

47. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(WE ARE ON A CORNER
OF THE FLIGHT DECK.
A CYLINDRICAL PANEL
SLIDES AROUND TO
REVEAL BLAKE AND
HIS COMPANIONS.
THEY STEP OUT AND
HALT. STARING.

REVERSE TO SHOW
THEIR VP AND OUR
FIRST VIEW OF
WHAT WILL BE OUR
MAJOR SET THROUGH-
OUT THE SERIES.

THE WHOLE DECK
SHOULD BE QUITE
BREATHTAKING.
THERE ARE SIX
COMFORTABLE
LOOKING CONTROL
SEATS POSITIONED
AROUND THE DECK.

WE RESUME ON THE
TRIO. VASTLY
IMPRESSED)

JENNA: It's beautiful... A ship
like this could go anywhere
in the Universe.

AVON: Look at that instrumentation...
It's way ahead of the most modern stuff
we've got ... (cont...)

(BLAKE GLANCES
AROUND WITH THE
SAME AWE.

WE SEE TEAGUE'S
LEGS STICKING
OUT FROM BEHIND
A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT.

AVON GOES TO HIM
AND MAKES THE
BRIEFEST
EXAMINATION)

AVON: (cont) He's dead ...

(A VERY SLIGHT
HUMMING SOUND
TAKES THEIR
ATTENTION. THEY
LOOK TOWARD IT.

APPARENTLY
FLOATING NEAR
THE ROOF IS A
GLOBE. IT
PULSATES WITH
LIGHT FROM WITHIN)

JENNA: What is it?

BLAKE: I don't know ...

(AS THEY ALL STARE
AT IT, ITS GLOW
BECOMES MORE
POWERFUL.

WE GO CLOSE ON
TO JENNA'S FACE.
HER EYES BLINK
RAPIDLY, THEN
SLOW AND STEADY
TO A FIXED
STARE.

THE SAME THING IS
HAPPENING TO AVON.

BLAKE SEEMS TO BE
FIGHTING AGAINST
THE OBVIOUS HYPNOTIC
AFFECT.

RESUME ON JENNA.
WE GO TO A HUGE
CLOSE UP ON HER
EYE. WE HEAR A
WHISPERING VOICE)

VOICE: Jenna ... help me Jenna ...
They're hurting me ... Help me ...
Jenna.

(SUPER ON TO JENNA'S
EYE A SERIES OF
IMAGES. THE FIGURE
OF A WOMAN HOLDING
HER ARMS OUT
APPEALINGLY. THEN
MORE FRIGHTENING
IMAGES. WE WANT TO
GIVE THE EFFECT OF
A BAD LSD TRIP.

AVON IS SUFFERING
THE SAME DELUSION.
THE VOICE HE HEARS
IS DIFFERENT
AS IS THE SPECTRAL
FIGURE THAT HE
SEES)

Don't leave me ... Please ... please ...
I need you ... (cont....)

(INTERCUTTING ON
THE FLOATING BALL
THAT INCREASES IN
INTENSITY.

A WHINING ELECTRONIC
SOUND ACCOMPANIES
ALL OF THIS GROWING
MORE AND MORE
PIERCING.

THE IMAGES THAT CROSS
THE EYES ARE MORE
AND MORE FRIGHTENING.

RESUME ON BLAKE
STILL BATTLING
AGAINST THE
HYPNOSIS. HE
PRESSES HIS HANDS
OVER HIS EARS TO
DRIVE OUT THE
SOUND)

VOICE: (cont) Roj ... Don't let
them take me ... please ... Help
me help me ...

(BLAKE IS ALMOST
TOTALLY UNDER
THE INFLUENCE
OF THE AUTOHYPNOSIS)

BLAKE: You're dead. The tapes
were forgeries. I love you. But
you're dead.

(WITH A MIGHTY
EFFORT OF WILL
HE BREAKS OUT
OF THE TRANCE.

BACK IN REALITY,
HE SEES AVON AND
JENNA IN TRANCE
SLOWLY MOVING
TOWARD THE GLOBE,
ARMS OUTSTRETCHED.
THEIR FACES
CONTORTING. FOR
OUR OWN REFERENCE,
THE GLOBE IS
AFFECTING ALL THE
MICRO ELECTRICAL
IMPULSES IN THE
BRAIN AND IN
EFFECT CREATING
A 'BRAINSTORM'
THAT KILLS)

No. No.... (cont....)

(BLAKE YELLS AT JENNA
AND AVON)

BLAKE: (cont) Keep back!

(THEY SEEM NOT TO
HEAR HIM.

BLAKE DIVES AT
JENNA AND
PHYSICALLY
THROWS HER BACK.
THEN HE MOVES
TO AVON GRABBING
AT HIS ARM.

AVON WRENCHES
FREE)

(On to page 126)

AVON: I must go to him... he needs me.

(BLAKE RECOVERS
AND AGAIN GOES
AFTER AVON AND
HURLS HIM
SPRAWLING BACK-
WARDS.

IN THE TIME
THIS HAS TAKEN,
JENNA HAS
RECOVERED AND
STILL IN TRANCE
HAS ADVANCED
AGAIN. ALREADY
TOO FAR FORWARD
TO BE INTERCEPTED,
SHE IS STRETCHING
UP WITH BOTH
HANDS TO TOUCH
THE FLOATING
SPHERE. IT
IS NOW IN-
TENSELY BRIGHT.

BLAKE HAULS
OUT HIS GUN
AND FIRES AS
JENNA IS ABOUT
TO TOUCH THE
GLOBE.

THE GLOBE BURSTS
WITH A FLARE
THAT TOTALLY
WIPES OUT OUR
PICTURE. JENNA
SCREAMS.

THEN, EVERYTHING
COMES BACK TO
NORMAL, BLAKE
RUNS TO JENNA
AND HOLDS HER
IN HIS ARMS.
AVON RECOVERS
AND STAGGERS
ACROSS TO THEM)

JENNA: What was it?

BLAKE: I don't know... Some sort of auto-hallucinatory device...

JENNA: I saw my mother... she was so real... Then terrible things... a nightmare. But it was my mother...

BLAKE: No... That thing took an image out of your mind... a memory... Then projected it back at you as though it was real.

AVON: I saw my brother. It used him like bait... I had to go closer.

BLAKE: And if you had it would have killed you.

JENNA: Why didn't it affect you?

BLAKE: It did. I saw the images, heard the voices. But somehow I knew it wasn't real. It seems I can recognise dreams.

(BLAKE'S COMMUNICATOR
BUZZES. HE
PRESSES THE RECEIVER
BUTTON)

LEYLAN'S VOICE: Blake. Are you alright?

BLAKE: Yes, we're safe. Still checking. Out.

(HE CLICKS OFF
THE RECEIVER)

48. INT. HATCH SECTION. LONDON. NIGHT.

(LEYLAN JABS THE
CALL BUTTON)

LEYLAN: Blake! Stay in contact
Blake!

(RAIKER SNAPS
AN ORDER TO A
CREWMAN)

RAIKER: Get me a survival unit.

LEYLAN: What are you going to do?

RAIKER: They're still alive... It
looks like they've got over the
problem.

(RAIKER CHECKS
THE CHARGE
IN HIS HAND
GUN)

I'm going to make sure they don't
get any ideas about staying over
there!

49. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA AND AVON
ARE NEAR THE
MAIN FLIGHT
CONTROL DESKS)

AVON: Blake...

(BLAKE MOVES TO
JOIN HIM)

This accounts for what happened to the
crew...

BLAKE: What is it?

AVON: Life rocket launch control.
It's been operated.

BLAKE: They abandoned.

JENNA: But why? The whole ship looks
operational.

(SHE RUNS HER
FINGERS OVER A
SERIES OF CONTACT
SWITCHES AND
INDICATOR LIGHTS
ALL FLASH ON GREEN)

BLAKE: Perhap that thing drove them out.

AVON: I assumed it was a defence mechanisem.

BLAKE: Could she fly under her own power?

JENNA: I can't see why not.

BLAKE: Could you pilot her?

JENNA: A ship like this?! Not a chance. Eventually I might just be able to make her stand and stop.

BLAKE: (URGENTLY) You've got two minutes. No more.

(BLAKE STARTS
TO MOVE AWAY)

Help her Avon.

AVON: Where are you going?

BLAKE: To close the entry hatch before someone tries to join us...

(JENNA AND AVON
START TO CHECK
INSTRUMENTS)

50. INT. HATCH SECTION. LONDON. NIGHT.

(RAIKER IS READY.
CREWMAN OPENS
THE HATCH DOOR.
RAIKER STEPS
INSIDE AND CALLS
BACK)

RAIKER: I want a boarding crew
ready to follow me over...

(THE DOOR SHUTS)

TELECINE 17:

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

ON the open hatch of Liberator. We see BLAKE wearing his breathing apparatus appear and start to search for the control that will close it. He glances out along the tube and we reverse to show RAIKER advancing slowly.

BLAKE reaches for his gun and finds the holster empty, having left the weapon on the ground when he helped Jenna.

It is clear to RAIKER what BLAKE means to do. The swaying tube makes it difficult and slow for him to get his gun aimed. He fires and there is an explosion beside BLAKE who presses back into cover.

RAIKER advances inexorably. He fires again.

BLAKE'S shoulder is creased. He falls back. RAIKER keeps coming.

END TELECINE 17.

51. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(JENNA HAS HER
HAND POISED OVER
SOME CONTROLS.
SHE LOOKS HESITANT
AND UNCERTAIN)

JENNA: Shall we risk it?

AVON: Why not...?

(JENNA TOUCHES
THE CONTROLS)

TELECINE 18:

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

RAIKER has almost reached Liberator's hatch. BLAKE, wounded, is an unmissable target. With cold calculation RAIKER raises his gun.

Suddenly the end of the tube attached to Liberator begins to pull free. RAIKER is thrown off balance. The hatch immediately closes.

Ext. Liberator & London
in Space. Night.

MODEL SHOT.

The Liberator banks away gracefully. We see the transfer tube sag as contact is broken.

Int. Transfer Tube.
Night.

We see the rush of air as the tube de-pressurises. RAIKER claws at the smooth walls as he is dragged out into space. He vanishes from the open mouth of the tube.

Ext. Space. Night.

RAIKER floats in
space. Spread-
eagled his body
speeds away until
it is gone from sight.

END TELECINE 18.

52. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(BLAKE ENTERS FROM
THE CORNER. HE
CLUTCHES HIS
WOUNDED SHOULDER)

JENNA: We're on our way!

AVON: What happened?

BLAKE: Small disagreement with
Raiker. Just a scratch. I'll take
care of it when we've set a course.

JENNA: Name it. We're free. We've
got a ship. We can go anywhere we
want!

BLAKE: We're going to follow the
London to Cygnus Alpha and free the
rest of the prisoners.

(AVON DOES A
REACTION)

With a full crew, and a ship like this
we can start fighting back!